For the more experienced workers, especially for the supervisor, there was always a lot of paper work, calculating the money the City had to pay Citizen Hearse for each occupant, the Personal Needs Allowance, etc. This was very 19th-century, Victorian, mechanical, a great pain in the ass. Many aspects of it remained opaque to him, because of his intense aversion to it, but also because it was part of an irrational system based on custom. He wasn't able to get a clear answer from anybody, how to distinguish, on the pink forms they filled out for billing purposes, a resident from an alien....

Did they mean resident of this City, or another? Did they mean resident of the City, the province, or the country? This province, or some satrapy? Perhaps he took it all too literally. He certainly took it too seriously, since everyone filled out the pink form, the Pink as they called it, his or her own way. Pepe Le Moku was straight from the Rez, if that's what it said. Idiosyncrasy was part of the Victorian charm of the place. In reality they were all aliens, since they only lived in shelters, which wasn't exactly living. It was asylum....

He didn't care. After all, he wasn't even the housekeeper.

He was the keeper....

*****

Rusty asked what his occupation was.
He said dancer.

My dancing lady
There's nobody like you....

His employer's address?
The Variety, downtown.